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The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

CUFFEE'S PARODY.

Mr. Bayley, author of Four years in the West Indies, says—"The blacks have all, to a certain degree, a taste for music, and soon catch the tune of any song they have heard. The airs of Moore's and Bayley's melodies, are many of them familiar to the slaves; and they often substitute words of their own, which, if sung on an English stage, would create roars of laughter." He gives the following example in imitation of the "Soldier's Tear."

Beside de door he turn
For take one last sly look,
At the sugar and de boiling house,
And de still beside de brook;
He see the mill go round,
He hear um—dum—tum—tum,
So he raise de bottle to he mout,
For take one drink of rum.

Beside de mule-house door,
One mule bin on her knees,
She kick the trash upon de ground,
It fly before de breeze;
De men da gib one cruse,
The manager da come,
And den de fellow raise him hand,
For put away de rum.

He ran for leave the spot,
Oh, do not tink him fool,
For when the buckra come wid whip,
Him temper seldom cool;
Go, watch among de canes,
You see him hiding—mum!—
Be sure him pull him bottle out,
For take one drink of rum.

This song (he adds) was always encored by the audience—ergo—Pobo never refused to sing it again; and on my last visit to M——'s estate—if I be not mistaken—the faithful negro had the honor of being called up to the great house, to sing it before a party of his master's guests; and having acquitted himself nobly, received a glass of rum for his trouble.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

Literature of the Ancient Greeks.—Having a language of their own, their literature was seemingly indigeneous, however deeply they might have been indebted to the oriental store-houses that had been long open to them. The growth of Greek literature was like all other improvements, progressive; for more than seven hundred years it was so. The Greeks were a peculiar people; their taste was pure, and their discrimination exquisite; and their understandings were the most acute of any people who have ever lived. Their language proves this; for so well was it formed, that science and art are obliged to resort to it at this present day for terms to convey a proper idea of their inventions and improvements. If we could forget their ambition, their volatility, and frequent acts of injustice, the reader might think that he was coursing over fields of light with beings of superior creation, while he was making himself acquainted with Greek literature. The Greeks multiplied books to inform the judgment and warm the heart, and which gave immortality to themselves and information to all succeeding generations.—*Knapp's Lectures.*

Montagnes Russes.—Nothing can be so ludicrous as the appearance of men and women shooting rapidly down these machines. They become, by their position, and by the effect of perspective, totally foreshortened, in such a manner that the beholder from the top of the tower sees a number of monsters rapidly following each other down the inclined planes, and along the ice-road having no legs or body, but only a head and two long black arms which they keep waving up and down, and guiding from time to time the sledge in its course. They look like immense black birds skimming over the surface of the sea. Dante, if he had ever seen a *Montagne Russe*, might have illustrated his "Inferno" with such an image as this, in which it would seem that the condemned spirits are forced to a perpetual ascent and descent of these terrific-looking engines, under the form of monstrous and demoniac birds, tied down for their sins upon iron sledges.—*Capt. Frankland's Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden.*

Royal Happiness.—During the troubles at Paris, in consequence of the war of the Fronde, Henrietta, the grand-daughter of Henry 4th, of France, and the wife of Charles 1st, who, with her children, had fled from England, and then resided in that city, was reduced to such a state of misery, that, in a severe January, she was without wood, or coals, or money to procure them, and her daughter, Henrietta Maria, afterwards the wife of the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Lewis 14th, was obliged to remain in bed to preserve herself from the cold.—*Memoirs Cardinal de Retz.*

Raphael's Cartoons.—They owe their origin to Pope Leo X. who, ever anxious to let no opportunity slip of adding to the decorations of his palaces, gave orders to Raphael to make a series of drawings from subjects taken from the New Testament, with the express view of their being copied in tapestry; so to form a set of the richest hangings in silk and gold that it was in the power of art to produce. The designs thus made, received the appellation of Cartoons, as well from their great size as from the material on which they were wrought, and they were sent to Antwerp, there to be woven under the superintendance of two Flemings who had been for some years pupils of Raphael at Rome, Bernard Van Orley and Michael Coxis. The sum paid for the weaving of them is said to have been 70,000 crowns, equal to nearly £18,000 sterling and tradition further reports, that Francis I. of France defrayed the cost, in consideration of the canonization of his namesake, St. Francis of Paola, the founder of the order of Minims. In the sack of Rome in 1526 the tapestries were carried off as part of the plunder; but they did not long continue the property of the victors, for, as the borders of two of them testify, they were restored by Anne de Montmorenci, in the reign of Julius III. At a period not long subsequent they were first exhibited, as an object worthy of public admiration, by Pope Paul IV., who, about the middle of the same century introduced the custom of annually suspending them on the festival of Corpus Domini, before the Basilica of St. Peter. The same custom was likewise observed upon the solemn function of beatification—the announcement in the Roman church that a saint is enrolled in heaven; a ceremony which always precedes his canonization. Upon the occupation of Rome by the French in 1798, the tapestries were subjected to a second and longer expatriation; and it was on this occasion that, as we have just noticed, one of them was destroyed, having fallen a victim to the cupidity of a Jew at Leghorn, who bought them with a view of reducing them to ashes for the sake of the gold and silver they contained, but happily found so small a quantity in that which he subjected to the experiment, that he was not encouraged to make trial of the rest. The remainder were purchased by M. Devaux, and given back to Pius VIII. in 1814.

The London Times Printing Office.—The establishment of *The Times* newspaper is an example, on a large scale, of a manufactory in which the division of labour, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of the domestic economy is well exemplified. It is scarcely imagined, by the thousands who read that paper in various parts of the globe, what a scene of organized activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly 100 persons are employed in this establishment; and, during the session of Parliament, at least 12 reporters are constantly attending the House of Commons and Lords; each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate into ordinary writing, the speech he has just heard and noted in short-hand. In the meantime 50 compositors are constantly at work, some of whom have already set up the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps, at that very moment making the walls of St. Stephen's vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed in portions to other hands; till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, re-appear in regular order on the platform of the printing press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types by the most perfect mechanism; four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite; other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and having brought them into rapid and successive contact, re-deliver them to four other assistants, completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus, in one hour, 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; and an impression of 12,000 copies, from above 200,000 moveable pieces of metal, is produced to the public in six hours!—*Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

Singular Elixir Vitæ.—The motion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women, was an agreeable delusion easily credited, and one physician, who had himself written on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote the Valetudinarian's Guide, in 1799, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. "I am myself (said he) turned sixty, and in general, though I have lived in different climates, and suffered severely both in body and mind, yet having partaken of the breath of young women whenever they lay in my way, I feel none of the infirmities which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath) of sickness, by men many years younger than myself."—*Wade's Memoirs.*

PAT DURKAN'S PIGEONS—*An Irish Story.*

Some years since, when the peace had provoked a partial influx of our Gallic neighbors into Ireland, it happened that one arrived at ——, and, as a matter of course, sojourned at Pat Durkan's. His first breakfast there had been discussed apparently much to his satisfaction, and it now only remained to select the materials for dinner from Pat's ample bill of fare, previous to an intended excursion to the neighboring Islands. Pat was summoned: 'Vat you have for dinniere?' demanded the Frenchman. 'What hav'nt I, your honor,' returned Pat; 'why, there's roast and biled, and stewed, an' fryed, an' the murphies to the back iv that agin; an' it's seldom the likes iv thim crosses a Frinchman's muzzle in his own country,' he added mentally. 'Vat you have, manger?' quoth the Frenchman. 'Arrah be asy, your honor,' replied Pat, 'the divil resave the taste iv mangy mate is undher the same roof wid you, barrin the ould hitch, an' she's neither here nor there in ating, you know.' 'Misericorde!' ejaculated Monsieur, somewhat discomposed, and not comprehending the intent of Pat's phraseology, 'Manger, I say manger!' 'You need not be callin a body names in gibberish, for all that,' said Pat; 'an' I'll take my Bible oath into the bargain, that the sorrow bit of mangy or measly mate's in under the same thatch wid you.' 'Diable!' cried Monsieur, nearly out of patience, 'for dinniere, I say dinniere?' 'Och, regarding the dinner, is it?' said Pat; 'musha, sure I told your honor all about that long ago; we've roast, an' biled, an' stewed, an' fryed; but if you want to know all the ins an' outs iv the business, why here's the bill, an' your honor may pic an' choose for the matter iv that.' Pat lugged out his bill of fare which had been prepared for the occasion by his better half; and the contents of which he was as utterly ignorant of as his guest before he had perused them. In fact, it is a matter of speculation, whether the sum total could, at any period, have been perused within a circuit of some miles; he placed it, however, before his guest. 'Ros-bif?' inquired the Frenchman, as his eyes caught the first item. 'Tunder an' ouns!' thought Pat, 'I'm dish'd now altogider entirely—roast beef, your honor! troth, thin, I would not recommind it; bekase you see it's long kill'd—long enough,' he added mentally, 'seeing as how bad luck to the taste iv a dead cow stared me in the face since ould Molleen's leg last Christmas.' 'Veal!' rejoined Monsieur. 'Nor that neither,' said Pat; 'it's only slink, your honor—slink indeed,' he continued to himself, 'for it's not dead yet.' 'Pigeons,' enumerated the Frenchman, with the true nasal twang, and annulling the finals. 'Och sure that's not in it,' cried Pat; 'what dickens does he mean at-all at-all, wid his pushoing?' 'Pigeons,' reiterated the guest. 'Och bother, your honor, sure it's not game, you're makin iv me,' said Pat. 'Pigeons,' rejoined the Frenchman, rising his tone. 'By the hokey, I have it,' cried Pat, after a vehement scratching of his carroty pole—'an' it's myself that can shoot your honor to a hair—the pusheens! Faith it is lucky I thought iv it—whilleluh!' And he made his exit in high glee with his successful interpretation. It happened that upon this identical morning Pat's domestic cat had achieved her accouchement; the event of which had been an increase of his family to the extent of five fine thriving, comely kittens, or pusheens, as Pat would term them in his native parlance. One of these was, in accordance, as he imagined, with his guest's directions, brought to the knife, dismembered, fricasseed, and, in proper time, duly served up for dinner. The dish proved savoury, Monsieur smacked his lips, and on the ensuing day, a repetition of the precious condiment was ordered—on the next day an encore—on the next a *da capo*; and so on until, on the sixth, when Pat's pusheens were exhausted, he made his appearance before his guest with an usually sombre cast of visage. 'Pigeons?' said the Frenchman. 'All gone, your honor,' returned Pat; 'an' the sorrow one more in the parish for love or money barrin the ould cat that's mousin here these four years come next Patrick-mas.' 'The Cat,' ejaculated Monsieur. 'What else,' cried Pat. 'Cat!' re-echoed the Frenchman, with a visible emotion of the stomach and countenance. Pat opened his mouth, scratched his head, and looked aghast. Monsieur stormed, spat, and raved by turns. Pat scratched, and scratched, and scratched, and scratched again, and at length an *eclaircissement* took place. I cannot say precisely whether or not the stomach pump had been ere this period invented, and consequently whether it was on this occasion put in requisition; but certain it is, that sounds and symptoms would have evidenced that such an instrument had been used effectually upon the interior of Monsieur, who did not fail to recollect to the last day of his life Pat Durkan's pigeons.

The Dutchman's Hen.—The Lowell Telegraph furnishes the narrative. "Vell, Hants, you may talk so much as you pe a mind to apout te hogs peing te contrariest hanimal, put te hen is so much more contrary as cood deal. Vy, no longer aco an tother day, I try to make te hen set—I poot te eggs under her—I make te nest all up cood—poot te hen on, put she no set—I jam her town on te eggs, put she vill 'op aright up. Den I makes a leetle pox, 'pout so pig a von way, (measuring with his hands) and 'pout so pig a tother way—den I poots te hen on the nest, and jest takes and poots te leetle pox aright over her. Ven I jest raises von corner of leetle pox to see vether she pe setting, I pe — if I tont find te — pitch *set a standing!*

Legal Impudence.—Esq. Brazenface, who we have stated to be notorious for abusing witnesses, was one day examining a man, before the court, respecting some corn, and as usual, insulted him with a thousand questions irrelevant to the case, when the following dialogue ensued:

Esq. B. What do you know respecting this corn?

Witness. I helped plant it and sow it, sir.

Esq. B. What else?

Wit. When it was ripe, I helped gather it into the barn, helped husk it, and carried some of it to the mill to be ground.

Esq. B. (In an angry tone) Then what did you do with the husks?

Wit. I gave some of them to my horse, some to my cow, and some to my *hogs*, and if you had been there, you should have had your share of them.

A general burst of laughter was heard all round the court-house, and Esq. Brazenface sat down in mortification and chagrin.—*Ind. Balance.*

MISCELLANY.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

By Thos. Campbell, Esq.

The Spirit of Britannia
Invokes across the main,
Her sister Allemania
To burst the tyrant's chain:
By our kindred blood she cries,
Rise, Allemanians, rise,
And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free—of the free

With freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves;
Whilst your *broad stone of honour**
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemanians, wake,
And the tyrants now that whelm
Half the world shall quail and flee,
When your realm shal be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thunder†
That shakes the battle-field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has peal'd.
Shall the laurel'd land of art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye framed to tell
By its sound, the march of time,
Let it clang oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime.

The press's magic letters
That blessing ye brought forth—
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth
But the trumpet must be heard
And the charger must be spurr'd;
For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from Heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free!—and be free!

* Eorenbreitstein signifies, in German, "the broad stone of honour."

† Germany invented gunpowder, clock-making, and printing.

ENGLISH PATRIOTIC SONG.

The light of Freedom gilds our land,
Its sun is rising high,
While faction wails with feeble moan
The dawn of Liberty.
On every side, from shore to shore,
It makes its rapid way:—
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
It is our opening day!

The clouds of night have pass'd away,
A glorious morn appears,
Reform, her banner bright and fair
High o'er the land uprears:
The borough elves with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way:—
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
It is your opening day!

No servile courtiers fear we now,
In vain they rave and storm:
We hail our bloodless victory,
The triumph of Reform.
Then raise again the grateful song
To Russell and to Grey:—
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,
It is our opening day!

ELLA OF GARVELOCH.

Ella is a Highland maiden, who has for years been as a mother to her younger brothers; one of whom is, to use the touching and expressive Scotch phrase, an innocent. She and the elder one are speaking of paying their rent. Ronald says:—

"'I should like to make Archie do it for once. Do you think we could teach him his lesson?' 'I will not have him tried,' said Ella decidedly; 'Archie is not made to hold a money-pouch, or to have any worldly dealings.' 'Yet he brings in what helps to fill it.' 'And how innocently! It is his love for the things that God made that makes him follow sport. The birds are his playmates while they wheel round his head, and when he takes them on the nest he has no thought of gain; and evil be to him that first puts the thought into him. He strokes their soft feathers against his cheek, and watches the white specks wandering through the water like snow-flakes through the air. He does not look beyond the pleasure to his eyes and to his heart, and he never shall; and gold and silver are not the things to give pleasure to such an eye and such a heart, and he shall never know them.' 'Then he can never know how much he owes you, Ella, for the care you take of him. He little guesses how you have spun half the night to make his plaid, and won money hardly to find him a bonnet, and all the toil of your fishing, grinding, and baking.' 'And why should he? He loves me, and all the better for not knowing why. He wears his plaid as the birds do their feathers; he feels it warm, and never thinks where it came from. He finds his barley-cakes and fresh water in his cave as lambs find clover and springs in their pasture. I see him satisfied, and like that he should love me for what costs me no toil—for singing when he is heavy, and for wearing what he brings me when he is merry. When he lays his hot head in my lap, or pulls my skirt to make me listen to the wind, I value his love all the more for its not being bought.'"

Again, in speaking of him to the landlord:—

"'When we lived northwards, we always had three places at least where we might burn, according as the wind was; and if it so happened that the smoke would blow towards the cottage, Ella used to take Archie, and sometimes my father, to a place in the rocks where they might sleep in their plaids.' 'And no great evil,' said Ella, 'in summer nights when the red twilight gleamed on the peaks till midnight. I shall do it again when the wind is perverse, and the kelping [making kelp?] must go on. The worst of it is that Archie loves sleep no better than I on such nights.' 'Is he frightened at being away from home?' 'O no! but he watches the fires till they smoulder. If it is calm for a few minutes, so that the tall flame can shoot up from among the smoke, you might think you saw that very flame in his eyes.' 'He is ever on the watch for such fires,' said Fergus. 'It was but lately that he pointed to the northern lights, one clear evening, and told me that kelping time was come again over the sea.' 'Why do you not carry him somewhere out of sight of the fires?' asked the laird; 'does he know the purpose of the removal too well to be satisfied?' 'He does, your honour; and, more than that, he must not be crossed in his love of what is beautiful to the eyes that God gave him. God has given him pleasures of his own, and he shall never be stinted in them by me.'"

We shall preface the last scene, by observing that Ella was just on the point of marriage with Angus; and we must say, we think her avowal of long-hidden affection the very perfection of simple pathos.

"'Your sister's wheel has never stood still all this while,' said Angus to the lads. 'She shames us for being so idle. What shall we do next?' All bustled about upon this hint, and Ronald and Fergus made haste to their out-door employments, supposing that Angus would accompany them. After letting them go out, however, he softly closed the door, and returned to Ella's side. He found no great difficulty in removing her feelings of displeasure at his long silence, when it was in his power to prove that he had indeed not been silent while he could persuade himself that he had encouragement to write. When Ella heard that he had been working for her all these five long years—that he supported his hopes upon their tacit agreement when they parted—that he had returned for her sake alone, having no other tie than the natural love of country; when, moreover, he declared his willingness to settle in this very place, and adopt her sisterly cares as his own;—when he kissed Archie's forehead, and promised to cherish him as tenderly as herself, Ella had nothing to say. She shed tears as if she had been broken-hearted, instead of finding healing to a heart sorely wounded; and the only thing Angus had to afflict him, was the thought how much each had suffered. 'They that have called me proud and severe,' said Ella, when she began to return his confidence, 'little knew what a humbled spirit I bore within me, and how easily I feared I should forgive at the first word. They little guessed, when they bid me not be so careful and troubled about whatever happened, that all these things were like motes in the sun-beam to me, compared with the hidden thoughts from which my real troubles sprang. When they half laughed at me and half praised me to my father, as being like a mother to these growing lads, they did not know that it was because I spent on them the love I could not spend as a wife, nor how glad I was that my cheek withered, and that years left their marks upon me, that I might fancy myself more and more like their mother indeed. If you see me grow young again, and be made sport of like a girl by these tall youths,' she continued, smiling through her tears, 'you will have to answer for it, Angus. Will you take the venture? You were ever the merry one, however, and my part was to be grave for us both. Are we to play the same part still, to keep the brothers in order?'"

We shall only premise that it is the wedding jaunt they are speaking of.

"'Take care of yourself and Archie till the morn,' said Ronald, and then be up with the sun—bright may he shine!—and see us cut across the sound; and be sure ye await us at the quay, for that is where ye must get on board.' 'It will save us a circuit if we push off from the quay now,' said Fergus; 'since we have to bear down due south some way, and we can easily carry the boat over the bar.' Angus thought the same. Just as they were hoisting the bark on their shoulders, the young Murdochs came up; Rob to ask a passage a little way down the sound, and the girls to keep Ella company for a while. 'Archie is in his merriment to-day,' said one; 'he has scarce ceased dancing since he heard the music.' 'He knows what is doing now,' observed the other; 'see him climbing to the top to see them push off.' The girls and Ella then walked slowly up the path from the beach to a point whence they might watch the boat set off, and trace it for a considerable way. It was a bright and serene afternoon; there were no rough gales abroad, and the swell of the sea was no greater than in the calmest days of that region. The air was so clear, that the mountain lights and shadows were distinctly visible, as their peaks rose one behind another on the eastern horizon. Within the shadow of the Storr the water was of the deepest green, while beyond, long streaks of glittering light extended from island to island, and grew broader as the sun descended. The little boat pushed off from the quay in good style, with two pair of oars, the three boatmen of Ella's household having waved their bonnets and cheered before they stepped in, in honour of the spectators. It was necessary to pull strongly and evenly till they should have crossed the rapid current which flowed round the Storr; but Rob, heedless of this, and remembering that he had not cheered and waved his bonnet, suddenly started up, threw down his oar, destroyed the balance, and upset the boat. What shrieks rang from rock to rock, as the bark tumbled in the current, and the rowers were borne, in spite of their struggles, down, down, far and fast, by the sweeping waves! Ella clasped her hands above her head, and uttered no sound after the first shriek. Her companions ran hither and thither with loud lamentations. The people at the farm did what these girls should have done; they ran down with all speed to desire Murdoch to get out his boat. 'There's one safe!' cried Meg; 'the rock is but just above the water, but he is sitting upon it.' 'O God!' groaned Ella, 'save me from praying which it may be!' Another soon appeared on the same point; but nothing could yet be seen of the other two. Archie had beheld all this, and more: he could overlook Murdoch's proceedings also from his pinnacle. He was strongly wrought upon; for no one understood better the signs of emotion, whether or not he understood the cause. He acted with rapidity and strength, as if suddenly inspired by reason; but, alas! his energy could only manifest itself in the way of imitation. The moment he saw Murdoch's boat hastily launched, he ran down to his 'floating place,' as he called it, rolled his cask into the water, and got into it. Murdoch alone saw him standing up and waving his bonnet, before he reached the eddy, which he knew could not but be fatal to him. The cask came up again, empty, and floated around the point, as Archie had no doubt foreseen it would, and at length arrived within Fergus's reach, and was the means of saving him. He clung to it, not aware of the nature of the friendly support, till taken up by Murdoch's boat. The two who had reached the rock were Angus and Ronald; and Rob had had his wits so sharpened by the plunge, as to perceive that he had better not leave hold of the oar he had clung to at first. He, too, was taken up; so that Ella believed that all had come safe out of this awful peril,—she alone being ignorant of what had happened at the Storr. When she joined her brothers on the beach, they stood a moment aloof from her embrace, with countenances in which there was as much of solemn compassion as of grief. Angus was down upon his face; Murdoch alone uttered a few broken words. It was sometime before she could comprehend or would believe what happened; and then she was the only one who retained her self-command. An expression of unspeakable anguish passed over her countenance as Fergus mourned that he had been saved by Archie's loss. 'Nay, Fergus,' said she, 'let us leave it to Him who guides us, to shew whose life had best be taken, and whose left. God knows that I strove for this before I knew His pleasure; and now that we do know it, let us question neither the purpose nor the means. Let us devoutly bless Him that you are here.' While Angus took her home, the neighbours dispered in search of the body, which could not, however, be found, and was supposed to have been carried by the current far out of reach. When all had gone home for the night, and her companions had for some time retired to hide their grief, or to forget it for a while in sleep, Ella stole out alone, and passed the night among the rocks; a night whose natural beauty was worthy to succeed to that of the day that was gone. It was light; and this it was which, giving the faint hope of recovering the body, took Ella abroad. The red lights of the west had not wholly vanished when the gray dawn began to glimmer, while, in mid sky, the stars twinkled as if in rivalship with the sparkles below. The sea was, as it often is in that region, highly luminous; and as Ella sat watching the eddy within which Archie had sunk, her eye marked, and not without pleasure even now, the gleam which broke on the crest of every wave, and was scattered in showers of sparkles as far as the spray could reach. There she was found by Angus at daybreak. 'You have not been in his cave?' said he. 'No,' replied Ella. 'I will go there first when you and the lads have left me.' 'Left you! and when will that be?' 'In a few hours, I hope,' she replied, smiling. 'I must see that Archie is still honoured by being kept apart from that in which he had no share. The business of our days went on without him while he lived, and it shall go on now, if it were only to shew that he bore no part in it. You must perform your promises to our neighbours, Angus, and discharge their business, and then you can come back to me with an easy mind.' 'I will,' replied Angus; 'and I will not ask you to go with me this time. It is for you to say whether there is cause for your remaining behind.' 'There is; this once,—not longer, Angus. I cannot give up the hope of laying Archie beneath the cross beside my father. This will either be done or given up before your next voyage, and then I will go.' For some hours of the morning of their intended marriage-day, Angus and Ella were wandering along the shores, engaged in the most melancholy search in which eye and heart can be employed. At length Angus pointed to a sign which could scarcely be misunderstood. He had observed an osprey winging its flight for some distance over the sea, and now perceived that it was joined by another, and that both were hovering as if about to stoop. Endeavouring to scare them with his cries, he hastened onwards, followed by Ella, for some distance towards the south-west, and succeeded in finding the object of their search. Archie lay, as if asleep, on a beach of fine sand, still grasping the bosom of his plaid, which contained the gathered treasures of the day. Long were those weeds and feathers kept as memorials of Archie's pleasures; they were Ella's only hoard. Angus returned from his first voyage with the lads in safety, and in time to lay Archie's head in the grave. This done, Ella acknowledged that no duty remained to prevent her fulfilling all her promises. She accompanied him the next week to Oban and returned his wife."—*Miss Martineau.*

From the Atlas.

THE IRON MASK.

Scarcely any thing in history has been the occasion of more curiosity than the subject we now bring before the reader. Those who have perused the former numbers of the Atlas, will recall the latest attempts at a disclosure of the mystery involved in it; but a writer in the Metropolitan, cuts the knot, by asserting that the anecdote, although "one of those mystifications which has been most gravely asserted, most steadily maintained, and most generally adopted in Europe, nevertheless it is one of the most absurd, most glaring, of these deceptions, which credulity imposes upon itself, and from which it is so loath to withdraw its sombre, but interesting veil." He proceeds—

"Voltaire is the first person, who, in treating of the history of "L'homme au Masque de Fer," converted a simple fact into a regular romance; he caught some hints from the flying gossip of his day, (for under the sovereignty of Louis XIV. nobody ever heard of the circumstance,) and "thereupon he wrote," without believing one word of the marvellous material which he collected, and perhaps composed: he arranged it merely to gratify, and occupy, the appetite of the Parisian idler for the wonderful, or for the more lasting satisfaction of laughing at the credulity of mankind from his grave.

Of the thousand and one volumes of the memoirs of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., it is singular that no one among them, even those written in the latter days of his long royalty, make any mention of the existence of the personage known as the Iron Mask. Of these writers I shall quote only the most distinguished; and, of that number, the following are the most undisputed authorities:—Mademoiselle de Montpensier, niece of Louis XIII., cousin german of Louis XIV., whose memoirs begin before the birth of the latter Prince, and finish at the period of his union with Madame de Maintenon, embracing a term of fifty years;—Madame de Motteville, lady of honour to the Queen, Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who was attached to her person from childhood, and continued in her service till the death of that Princess; it is this writer whom Voltaire distinguishes as "noble et sincere;"—the Cardinal de Retz, the historian of the Fronde;—the Marquis of Dangeau, the historian of the Court (at which he passed a long life) and of Louis XIV., upon whose person he was in constant attendance;—the Abbe Choisy,—the Duc de St. Simon, a severe man, who wrote voluminously, did not love Louis XIV., and would not have spared his memory by suppressing such an anecdote, had he known it; more especially as he did not write till long after the death of the King, when his name and actions were no longer popular;—the Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the guards to Louis XIV.;—the Comte de Rochefort, secretary to Cardinal Richelieu; and lastly, though not the least important, Madame de Caylus, niece to Madame de Maintenon, who wrote under the following reign, and who has left us a charming little book of "Souvenirs" of the Court of Louis le Grand. of all these important authorities, the last only makes mention of the Man in the Iron Mask—in what manner shall be considered hereafter.

Five persons are condemned to the pain of the "masque de fer;" of these, two are purely imaginary, the mask not having been made for them, but they created expressly for the mask; they are, a twin brother of Louis XIV., and a natural son of the Queen his mother: the other three are historical, but their history has been enveloped in fiction, and clouded by absurdity;—they are, the superintendant of the Finances, Fouquet; the Comte de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Valiere; and lastly, a minister of an Italian Prince (the Duke of Mantua), who, having taken great pains to destroy the plans of the ambitious sovereigns of France, was kidnapped from his native country by his orders, and, in shameful violation of the laws of nations, condemned to perpetual imprisonment in France. It is by tracing clearly the real history of these persons that I undertake to prove, not the non-existence of the prisoner supposed to be the Iron Mask, but of all the mysterious and romantic circumstances connected with him. The supposition of a twin brother of Louis XIV. would be almost too ridiculous to combat seriously, if it had not obtained a very astonishing degree of credit in Europe during the two hundred years which this singular delusion has lasted; but this opinion vanishes before a little examination into the customs and manners of the Court of France at the birth of Louis XIV. The Queens of France were always delivered in public: that is, in a large chamber in which were assembled the royal family, the princes of the blood, the great officers of the crown and of the royal household, and the whole train of courtiers it they thought proper to attend. This is so notorious, that the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, nearly lost her life in her first confinement, from the suffocation occasioned by the immense crowd in her chamber: in the case of Anne of Austria, who had been nearly twenty years a wife before she was a mother, nearly all Paris assembled in the Palace, and the chamber was crowded to excess; the King himself (Louis XIII.) received the new-born infant, and showed him to the people, using (as Madame de Genlis remarks) the only popular words ever attributed to him, when his officers endeavoured to restrain the crowd,—"Let them come, this child belongs to all the world." It would have been impossible to conceal the birth of a second child from the knowledge of those immediately surrounding the bed of the Queen; and the existence of such an infant

would have been most carefully established by the members of the Royal Family, when, a few years after, they were in open civil war against the authority of the Queen, become Regent by the death of her husband. Such an infant would undoubtedly have been proclaimed King by the discontented party; but neither the Duc D'Orleans nor the great Conde ever thought of this mode of annoyance, and that, simply because they had never heard of this circumstance. The next supposition is less ridiculous, though not less false—that of a natural son of the Queen, Anne of Austria: this son must then have been born during the life of her husband, when there was danger to herself from the intrigue; for any man, who knows any thing of the Court of France, must be aware that after his death no such secrecy was necessary. This is next to impossible; Louis XIII. hated his wife, and would have been glad of any just pretext to divorce her: the minister, Richelieu, hated her, also sought every occasion to insult, and would have profited gladly at any offering to ruin her. The King was jealous of her all his life,—not of a lover, but of her brother the King of Spain, with whom he was at war, and to whom he suspected her of betraying the secrets of his Cabinet. These suspicions were the occasion of her being surrounded by spies, both on the part of the King and his minister, who narrowly observed and faithfully reported her conduct.

In the memoirs of the times, no man, even in the scandalous Court of Louis XIII., is distinctly pointed out as a favoured lover; and only a slight preference to the English Duke of Buckingham is hinted at, in some verses of Voiture; it would have been very difficult thus circumstanced, to have conducted an intrigue, infinitely more, to have secretly become a mother,—but quite impossible to have concealed the existence of a child, in a manner requiring so many assistants as figure in the history of the Iron Mask, and who were all the devoted servants of the King and his minister. A still better negative of this supposition is to be found in the silence of all her enemies upon this subject during the heat of their animosity against her: even the Cardinal de Retz, the most implacable of them, makes no charge of this character against her; he only accuses her of incapacity and obstinacy, and that at the moment when he was using every effort to render her unpopular with the Parisians, and insisting upon the necessity of her abdicating the Regency, and retiring to a convent. If to these arguments be added the testimony of Madame de Motteville, of the innocency of her life, and the purity of her manners, this accusation of a natural son becomes absurd and fabulous.

Of the three historical personages, the first to be considered is the superintendant of the Finances, Fouquet: this man, accused by Mazarin on his death-bed of a great abuse of the public money during the minority of Louis XIV., was arrested in the early part of that Prince's reign, and that with a secrecy (for the public at least) which has given rise to the idea with posterity that he was "L'homme au Masque de Fer;" that is easily controverted, since the whole history of Fouquet may be traced to his grave. The secrecy adopted in his arrest is very clearly explained by Madame de Motteville, who says that the Queen mother was at first averse to his punishment, till the King explained to her the dangerous plans of which Fouquet was secretly suspected. He had by bestowing large pensions secured the principal part of the nobility in his favour, and by their means meditated a civil war in order to make himself prime-minister. The guards were known to favour Fouquet, and three out of their four captains were connected with him, either by blood or marriage: under these circumstances, secrecy was necessary to secure his person, for the superintendant, who knew his guilt, was always on his guard, and constantly surrounded by friends ready to rescue him in case of danger; to have failed in the attempt would therefore have hastened Fouquet's movements, and plunged the kingdom again into the horrors of a civil war, from which it had just been delivered. The Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the Mousquetaires, as he himself informs us, and his account is confirmed by Madame de Motteville, was the officer employed to arrest Fouquet; which he managed with such secrecy and celerity, that the superintendant was in the Bastile before his friends were informed of his seizure; there, no person was allowed any access to his person, nor any communication by letter, though Madame de Sevigne (his steady friend in adversity) contrived to baffle the strictness of his guard, and convey him some necessary written information.

Fouquet remained in the Bastile during the whole of his trial, which lasted three years. The Iron Mask is said to have appeared at Pignerol in 1661: now, though Fouquet was certainly arrested in that year, it is also as certain that he did not go to Pignerol till 1664, and, when there, no mystery or concealment attaches itself to his confinement. Artagnan was his guard, till at his own request he was succeeded by his lieutenant, St. Mars, with whom Fouquet was constantly and openly quarrelling. Two years after his arrival, the Duc de Lauzun was sent to Pignerol, and saw and conversed frequently with Fouquet; the particulars of their interviews and conversations are minutely detailed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and the Duke de St. Simon, who agree in adding, that these two prisoners disputed and quarrelled so violently even after their first meeting, that they separated by mutual consent, and Lauzun even in his prison did many ill offices to Fouquet, with whose daughter he had an intrigue. The history of the unfortunate superintendant is finished very simply and plainly by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who, speaking of her lover's (Lauzun's) release ten years afterwards, remarks, that "Monsieur Fouquet etoit mort l'hivre auparavant." in all this there is not the slightest allusion to his Iron Mask.

The second historical character mentioned as "l'Homme au Masque de Fer," is the Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Valiere. Of this young prince there are two accounts; the one romantic, and the other historical. The romantic announces that this prince, the idol of his father, was, in his childhood, of an ungovernable and tyrannical temper,—that he showed, upon all occasions, a particular jealousy of the Dauphin,—and that, when arrived at manhood, in a violent dispute he struck that prince on the face; for which crime he was condemned to death by the council, but spared by the King, who sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, after publicly announcing his death by fever, he had him seized privately and conveyed to Pignerol, where he was known as the Iron Mask. In refutation of this opinion I must observe, that if the Comte de Vermandois had been guilty of the fault of striking the Dauphin, he would not have been punished by a sentence of death, as it is well known that the Prince de Conti, in their youth, gave his royal highness a blow, the scar of which he carried to his grave, and received no punishment for the violence;—that the Iron Mask appeared, or is said to have appeared, at Pignerol in 1661, and the Comte de Vermandois did not go to the siege of Courtrai till twenty years later;—that the real fact is, that the Comte was a dissolute young man, whose manners were exceedingly offensive to the King—always a great lover of decency;—that he had been already once banished the Court, and that his father, to separate him entirely from the bad company which he frequented, sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, according to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, he died from excessive drinking; and that, if he was the Iron Mask, who is said to have died in 1703 at the age of eighty, he was an older man than the King his father, who at his death in 1715 was only seventy-seven.

The next opinion respecting this celebrated character is, divesting it of all its mystery and extravagance, undoubtedly the true one. An emissary of the Duke of Mantua, an exceedingly active and clever personage, who was known successfully, though secretly, to oppose the politics of the King of France, was treacherously seized, and imprisoned at Pignerol. Much secrecy was of course necessary, to conceal an action committed in flagrant violation of the rights of nations; and the unhappy captive was therefore strictly guarded, and no one suffered to approach his person, as a knowledge of such a violence would have roused the indignation of all Europe against France; but every indulgence short of liberty was permitted him. Madame de Campan, first *femme de chambre* to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, says, that "On the death of Louis XV. the Queen entreated the new King to tell her what he should discover in the papers of his grandfather, relative to the Iron Mask: that the King, after the search, assured her that he had found nothing, and added, that it was a delusion; that he remembered hearing that a state prisoner had been confined at Pignerol without any particular mystery; that he was a busy intriguing character, the mortal enemy of France, but being the subject of another prince, his captivity was necessarily secret and eternal." Madame de Campan adds, that this man being allowed to walk on the terrace of the fortress, (from which the poor wretch could see the mountains of his native country,) to screen his face from the sun adopted the fashion of Italy, of wearing a half-mask of black velvet: once seen by the neighbouring peasantry in this costume, it is easy to imagine that this mask, which was merely a convenience, would be regarded as a part of his punishment, and thence all the additional circumstances related of it. The writing on the plate and on the shirt by the captive, as detailed by Voltaire, is very possible, as he would of course use every means to make his situation known; but the history of the physician, and his remarks, are apocryphal, and probably the invention of the moment, as well as the account of the prisoner's habits, tastes, &c. and the governor's profound respect for his person, which, as nobody saw, certainly could not be ascertained.

Madame du Barri, in the "Memoires" published recently, says, or is made to say, that when she interrogated Louis XV. upon this subject, he told her very gravely, that he was bound by oath not to reveal the secret, but that Voltaire was nearest the truth. At the same time she observes, that the King's talent for mystifying was well known, as well as the delight which he took to exercise it; and she confirms this assertion by repeating the ridiculous, but horrible story, which he told her of the piece of sorcery practised upon Louis XIV., adding, that she was quite sure that the whole story was the pure extempore of the moment, and made to frighten and astonish her.

To conclude, I shall quote the very decisive passage, to which I have already alluded, from the "Souvenirs" of Madame de Caylus, who is the only writer of the times who mentions the Iron Mask. She says: "Je ne sais pas ou Madame de Vieuxmaison a pris l'anecdote du Masque de Fer, *mais c'est elle qui en a parle la premiere.* Elle est petite-fille, par son mari, du fameux Jacquier, l'homme de confiance de Mons. de Turenne, et de plusieurs generaux; pour la subsistance, il avoit eu des rapports avec beaucoup de gens considerables, et c'est peut-etre dans ses papiers, ou par tradition, qu'il a appris quelque chose de ce fameux personnage, que Mons. d'Argenson pretend etre fort peu de chose en realite; il dit que c'etoit l'opinion de Mons. le Regent."

Now, from this remarkable passage I infer, that if the Regent, who immediately succeeded Louis XIV., knew nothing of this affair, he could not have imparted the knowledge under an oath of secrecy to Louis XV.; and Louis XV. could not have been informed of it by his great-grandfather, because he was but five years old at the death of that King, and of course incapable of taking an oath. This circumstance, the silence of all the writers of the times, of the prison-registers, and the ignorance of the Minister, D'Argenson, together with the circumstances already detailed of the lives of those persons supposed to have been the Iron Mask, induce me to believe, with Madame de Caylus, that the whole affair is "fort peu de chose en realite," and that the romance was invented by Voltaire, from some hint, suggestion, or perhaps simple question, put in the course of conversation. He knew from the character of Louis XV., that he would rather cloud, than clear the mystery; and that knowledge gave him the pleasure to write an interesting romance, and laugh at the stupid credulity, even of the cultivated portion of mankind.

DEALING IN POISON.

An unfortunate Captain Burdett has fallen a victim, at Brighton, to the carelessness of a maker-up of medicines. Poison, remedies, applications internal and external, are all mixed up and laid down on a shop counter, in that order termed by the lovers of arrangement "higgledy-piggledy," and thus dispensed with the air of nonchalance which may be observed in a dispenser of colonial produce in a grocer's shop. Amidst all the enormities of detail characterizing the manners and customs of this free country, there are none more abominable than the regulations governing the making-up of medicines. Every body knows that the same prescription made up at different shops is rarely the same medicament in taste, colour, or effect. The physician ponders nicely upon proportion, feels the pulse again, and adds a grain; calls into play all the resources of art and education, and at length finishes a document on which, perhaps, rest the hopes of a family—all to be overturned by an ignorant apothecary's boy behind a counter, flirting with maid-servants, or in the interim of beating up or weighing out some delicate appliance which is to soothe an ulcerated mesenteric gland, or stimulate a torpid secretion of the pancreas—ladling out a pound of Æthiop's mineral to a groom for his horses, or an ounce of arsenic to a farmer for his rats. An apothecary in bad credit with his wholesale house in town is supplied with bad drugs; and they who do not get better out of his shop, are little aware that the cause lies in the dishonouring of a repeatedly renewed bill. The wholesale houses themselves vary most considerably, and the chemists who supply them frequently issue death or disease by the cart-load, in consequence of an experiment made by one of the ingenious partners, by which he hopes to bring out some wholesale drug at a reduced rate. From undoubted authority, we learn, that in the course of one individual's experience (a physician) in having medicine chests fitted up by eminent houses in London, it has occurred *thrice* that poison was substituted instead of some popular medicament. Apprenticeship is all very well in some trades, but it ought to be differently managed in the business of making-up (as it is called) prescriptions. The shoemaker or tailor's apprentice may blunder and pinch a toe or a shoulder, but the apothecary's boy blunders in a manner that admits of no remedy. While he is dreaming of Vauxhall, or of his master's daughter, he puts the label of a saline draught on a liniment of tar, and sends that intended for an old woman's hand into the stomach of a Captain in the Navy. In the case we are alluding to, which has just occurred at Brighton, a verdict of manslaughthr has been brought in against the youth who sent in oil of tar instead of decoction of senna, and caused the gentleman to die, while the old lady was rubbing her hand with senna tea, in all faith; but where was the master all this time who reaped the profits? His business was done by a helper and a boy with a basket (we never see these boys and their covered basket, full of papered humbugs, without a shudder,) while he, probably, was regaling himself in the interior of his mansion, or gossiping on the Steyne. *The verdict should in all cases be against the master of the shop wherever the poison issues,* and for which he is *paid.*

MIRABEAU'S LETTERS

DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

From a notice of this work, just published in London, we make several selections.

MIRABEAU'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.

The author's nationality must be borne in mind.

"I am not, I can assure you, enthusiastically disposed towards England; and I now know enough of this country to tell you, that if her constitution be the best known, its administration is the very worst possible; if the Englishman be the most free individual on the globe, the English people are one of the least free that exist. I will even go farther; and my opinion is, that, individually speaking, we are better than they. The land which produces grapes is superior to that in which coal is found, even by moral influences. I will not say, like Monsieur de Lauraguais, that the only fruit the English possess are roasted apples, and the only polished thing they have is steel; but they have nothing in them to justify the ferocious pride which they manifest upon all occasions. What, then, is liberty; since the little that is found in one or two good laws places a people, in other respects so little favoured by nature, in the very first rank? What cannot a constitution effect; since this one, although incomplete and defective, preserves, and for some time will continue to preserve, the most corrupt people on the face of the earth? How great must be the influence of a few favourable data over mankind, when this people, ignorant, superstitious, headstrong—(observe, this is actually the case)—grasping, and almost of Carthaginian character, are better than most others known, because they enjoy some civil liberty! The man who thinks and reflects upon the nature of things, will exclaim—'How admirable!' He who does not, will have found an insolvable problem. Do not, however, imagine that this country is known: the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that we comprehend only what we can see. I defy you to form an idea of the ridiculous prejudices which exist respecting England; sometimes calumniated, and then again praised to the skies, through the most disgraceful ignorance."

REMARKS ON ENGLISH PATRIOTISM.

"The patriotism of the ancients had even a military, a savage fierceness in it, which seemed essential to its being. Indeed, it is a virtue which required a wild and daring cast of thought, generally measuring the welfare of the state, not against a cold, temperate resistance of temptation, a moderation of sentiment, or the dictates of philosophic reflections, but against life itself; friends, kindred, family, all were to be sacrificed at the shrine of their country. Patriotism and death were ever hand in hand; it was a ferocity in the mind nearly allied to fury, nothing calm or temperate. The man was hurried away by the impulse of a violent passion, rather than urged by the calls of reason; hence arose an enthusiasm which sometimes burst forth into the noblest actions and the most exalted sentiments. But as to modern times, and our own country in particular, the constitution of the government destroys the very idea of a patriot. The regularity of all the movements of the state, the nature of the modern art of war, and the universal power of law, have brought every thing to such a standard, that we can have no idea of patriotism. What are the rules by which it may be judged? what are the signs by which it may be known? The mob will ever have their patriot,—but surely the thinking part of mankind should understand their constitution better than to suppose every man who opposes the court a patriot. The true patriot, if the term be allowed to express an uncertain idea, must, in such a government as ours, often be in power; sometimes with the court, sometimes against it; but our patriots always lose their characters when in office, whatever the motive, and can never regain it but by violent opposition. In short, there is so much nonsense and contradiction in the character of patriots in this kingdom, that the moment any one makes pretences to the virtue, he should on all hands be treated either as a visionary fool or a designing knave. The men among-st us who have, at different times, flourished in this harlequin's jacket, have ever been railers at men rather than at measures. If you would fix an idea to the word patriot, and adapt it to this country, you ought to describe a man in parliament who looks at measures alone, totally forgetting who are the conductors, and who, in all his conduct, both in and out of place, adheres steadily to certain plans which he thinks favorable to the happiness and liberty of the people."

"The national debts of this country are certainly very considerable; but it seems preposterous to predict ruin to the state because the right hand owes to the left; and as to the debt due to foreigners, it is comparatively light."

MAXIMS AND OBSERVATIONS.

"Paris, a city of pleasure, amusement, &c. in which four-fifths of the inhabitants die broken-hearted."

"I would apply to metaphysicians what Scaliger said of the Basque people—'It is asserted that they understood one another, but I do not believe it!'"

"The most rational and therefore truest remark that has been made with respect to the great question—which is the better, the married or the single state? is the following: 'Whichever resolution you come to, repentance will follow.'"

"I have noticed, when reading the Bible, that, in several passages, where mankind are reproached with crimes and abominations, the sacred writer calls them the children of men; when folly and weakness are described, they are called the children of women."

"All is vanity amongst men, their joy as well as their sorrow; it is better, however, that the soap-bubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with clouds, or what painters of nature call a dim obscurity."

"Calumny is like the wasp that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself, unless you are certain to destroy it; otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever."

"If you wish to please in this world, you should muster resolution sufficient to allow yourself to be taught many things which you know, by persons who know nothing about them."

"Love, which lives in storms and often increases in the midst of treachery, cannot always resist the calm of fidelity."

"Vices are more frequently habits than they are passions."

"When we think of Bacon, who, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, indicated to the human mind the plan to be pursued in order to reconstruct the edifice of the sciences, we can

hardly feel admiration for those great men who have succeeded him; such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He lays out the ground for them, or marks the spots that are to be cultivated or taken possession of, like Cæsar, who, being master of the world, after the battle of Pharsalia, gave away kingdoms and provinces to his partisans or to his favorites."

"R. says that he has been acquainted with women from every country in Europe: the Italian thinks she is beloved only when her lover is capable of committing a crime for her; the English woman, when he is ready to perform a rash act; the French woman, a silly one."

"Proverbs are the fruit of the experience of every nation, the good sense of every age reduced to recipes."

"Little minds triumph over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse of the sun."

"Man passes his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future."

"Our ignorance! This word will undoubtedly shock, for we have the pride of an ancient people: we think we know every thing—have exhausted every thing. Yes we have exhausted every thing; but in what? In futile sciences, in frivolous arts, in modes, in luxury, in the art of pleasing women, and the relaxation of morals. We go through elegant courses of chemistry; we make charming experiments, delicious verses; strangers at home, little informed of any thing abroad; this is what we are—that is, we know every thing except that which is proper for us to know. This assertion will, perhaps, be thought severe or false by persons who fancy that we excel in physics and the exact sciences. But, in granting this, is it the description of science to which a reflecting man ought to devote his time? Does not the study of his social and civil state concern him more nearly? Ought not this to interest him more than the number of stars, or the order of chemical affinities? It is, however, the science of which we think the least. We are passionately fond of poetry; we dispute seriously about music—that is, we have a great regard for playthings, and make playthings of our most important concerts."

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1834

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

For the first time these ten years, I have lately visited my native village. I left it on the very day I turned one and twenty, mentally resolving never to revisit it, till I could do so in a coach of my own. Alas! how little can we judge of the future! how often are the strongest resolutions changed by circumstances, over which we have no control, but which over us have an influence irresistible. I remember the morning of my departure, when I arose, bright and early, and bidding good bye to my parents, and receiving their benedictions, and exchanging with them and the rest of the family a parting embrace, I hurried forward on my contemplated journey, building castles in the air, and fancying myself already returned after the lapse of years to settle down in the old homestead, and to alter and beautify its every part and appurtenance. As I passed the little stream that wound its way along through the meadow, I stopped on the old wooden bridge, and stood meditating on the scene. I selected the site on which I would build my new mansion—resolved the roads I would lay out, and the trees I would level or transplant, and in my mind's eye expended the half of the fortune I contemplated making on the improvements that rose before me. The little stream, too, came in for a share of my bright imaginings—the old wooden bridge, already enfeebled by age and tottering under infirmities, seemed to sink beneath my feet, and in place of it arose a stately stone structure, stretching like my own ambition, far over the banks of the stream.

I know not how long I might have remained in these unprofitable musings, had not the rumbling of the stage-coach wheels in the distance reminded me that I must quicken my footsteps if I would reach the road in time to meet it. Lifting my pack again on my shoulder, I hurried forward with a light heart, not once doubting that my pleasing anticipations would all be realized, and that I should be not less fortunate than the renowned Whittington, who rose from circumstances not less humble than mine to be Lord Mayor of London.

On reaching the road, I found that I had yet a few minutes to spare before the stage would arrive. Brief as the time was, I resolved on pushing forward a little ways on foot and calling at the house of her with whom I had the night before exchanged the most solemn vows—sworn eternal love—shed many a painful tear at the prospect of our separation, and whom I had promised never to forget, but on the contrary, to return and marry her and to make her a lady. Lucy Dayton—for that was the name of my betrothed—was sitting by the window side, with the curtains drawn so as to conceal her face, but through an opening in which she could catch a last glance of me as I should pass in the stage. I stole by the window and into the room, unperceived by her. In her lap lay her work, and on a small table at her side was the big bible spread open, her hand resting upon it as if instinctively pointing to some passage she had just been reading. It was evident her thoughts were of a serious character, for her swollen eyes told but too plainly that they had been suffused by tears, and her moving lips seemed to be breathing the silent expression of strong and unsubdued feeling. It was to me, a painful—severely painful, though not unpleasing sight—painful, to think that one so young, so lovely and innocent should experience so much grief from me—pleasing, to have an evidence so powerful of the extent and sincerity of her affection. In that one moment of contemplation, what vows and resolutions, and what visions of future happiness did not pass through my mind! Years seemed but days—days but hours, and I almost fancied that I was come to fulfil my promise—returned from a long and successful enterprise to claim her hand, and was even then to make her my bride. But my footsteps now betrayed me, and the next moment I was locked in her arms—and the next—for the time had now expired—I was hurried into the stage-coach, followed by her half-sobbing, half-articulated accents—farewell—farewell—God bless you—God bless you.

I was now a lone wanderer on life's great highway—the world was all before me where to choose. As those were the days of successful experiment among Northern adventurers at the South, thither I bent my course, and for want of a more profitable employment, I took up with that of teaching a Grammar school in the interior of South Carolina. It were needless to describe the vexations and sufferings I experienced in this thankless occupation. In New England, I had been accustomed to see the man who exercised the office of teacher regarded by all classes as a respectable—not to say an important member of society—as inferior to standing only to him who discharged the sacred functions of religion—but here, though I was treated with civility by some few of the better sort, by the great mass I was looked upon as little better than a negro-driver. Gambling, horse-racing, and whiskey-drinking comprised their chief amusements, not to say their only occupations, and because I would not play at cards, bet at the races, and drink whiskey, I was taunted and sneered at as a puritanical Yankee,—and, what to them was a more ignominious epithet—a Yankee Schoolmaster. My pride and self-respect could ill submit to this course of treatment, and rather than compromise my character and participate in these sensual amusements, I determined to quit a spot which I had found so little congenial to my feelings.

By prudence and economy I had managed to lay up some few hundreds—the fruit of hard and humiliating labor—and with this sum I started for one of the sea-port cities, as fully confident as ever of realizing my early expectations. It was five years or more from this period, when I found myself the junior partner in one of the largest houses in that section of the country. By my industry and good conduct I had made myself so serviceable to my employers, that they had admitted me to a share of the profits of their business. My prospects were now most flattering, and I looked forward with no small degree of certainty to the completion of my fortune. During all this time, I had maintained the most regular correspondence with my friends at the north, and in particular with Lucy Dayton. In my letters to her, I had omitted nothing of what had happened to me—I had made her acquainted with every change of my fortunes—with my gradual but sure success, and finally with the flattering prospects before me—nor did I fail to assure her of my undiminished affection, and in return to receive similar assurances from her.

Time flew on, and I became more and more immersed in the pursuits of business—riches poured in upon me, and it seemed only necessary to extend my hand to receive them. The period was now arrived, when I considered myself sufficiently wealthy to return to my native village in the style I had originally contemplated. I set myself sedulously to work, therefore, in winding up my business, and in making my arrangements to retire from it altogether. In this section of the country, the spirit of cotton-speculation was then at its height—thousands were realizing fortunes in a day by the purchase and sale of that commodity. I looked on at first an indifferent spectator, and wondered at the temerity and success of adventurers. At length a neighbor of mine who had doubled his fortune by a successful operation in the cotton market, proposed that we should join in an extensive monopoly of the article, by which, having bought up all that we could find far and near, we should sell out in a few days afterwards, at such an advance as we might choose to hold it at. Such was the scheme presented for my consideration, and so plausible and tempting was it, that in an evil hour my usual circumspection and judgment deserted me, and I was prevailed upon to embark in it. We proceeded at once upon the execution of the scheme, and in a few days were the holders of cotton to double the amount of our joint property. We had already commenced selling at a large advance, and every thing promised complete success to our enterprise, when, by an arrival from Liverpool, it was announced that cottons had fallen there a half-penny on the pound. Trifling as may seem this decline, the effect of it was such as immediately to cause an utter depression of the market. Cottons could not be disposed of at any price!

Here then was the death of all my hopes—all—all dashed to the ground in one fell moment—the labor of years lost and worse than lost—for penury and imprisonment stared me in the face, and I who but yesterday was rolling in wealth, was now plunged into the abyss of despair. Oh! who can tell the excess of his misery, who experiences so great and sudden a reverse of fortune! How many a long and restless night does he pass, meditating upon his loss! Sleep refuses to descend on his eyelids—the pillow brings no relief to his aching head—his bed is a bed of thorns, and night to him is but a season of soul-harrowing agony. In vain does he attempt to philosophize on the utter worthlessness of riches—the voice of reason is drowned in the still deeper voice of despair. In this way I lingered several months, till my health was sadly reduced, and reason herself began to totter on her throne. My creditors perceiving my calamitous situation, and convinced of my honest intentions, now generously came forward and granted me a full discharge from their debts. This afforded a relief from my present difficulties, and rendered me comparatively happy. But I had not the heart to commence my labors anew—in truth I was a broken man, as well as a bankrupt merchant. In this dilemma I resolved on returning home, poor as I was, and to abandon all my ambitious projects. The world was to me a dreary waste—a desert without a solitary green spot but that on which I was born. There, I well knew, I should be received as kindly, and with as sincere a welcome, as if I had returned in a coach and four, and she who had plighted to me her youthful faith, I was equally assured, would be found as unalterably mine as when I left her, though years had now passed since that event.

It was on a clear summer's evening that the stage-coach drew up near the village, and ordering my trunks to be set down at the tavern, I alighted to pursue my own way on foot. I walked on slowly and with a melancholy feeling, meditating upon the vicissitudes of my fortune, and the delusiveness of my youthful day-dreams. I thought too of the kind reception I should meet with from her who had waited so long in fond expectation for my coming. As yet she knew not the extent of my misfortunes, for I had not the heart to apprise her of it—indeed, for the last month or more I had omitted altogether writing her, so completely was I a prey to despondency, and so occupied in the melancholy task of effecting a settlement of my shipwrecked affairs. I now approached the house, or rather the cottage, for such it might truly be called, where dwelt the object of my affections. The honey-suckle clustered round the door and windows, the same as when I had last beheld it, only that it presented a more wild and luxuriant appearance. In former days it was the favourite pastime of Lucy to cultivate this vine and to train its tendrils along the front of the house, so as to impart to it a singularly beautiful appearance—the white paint showing itself at intervals through the deep green foliage,—but now the vine wholly overshadowed the wall, and not a speck of light was visible through it—so dark and gloomy did it appear, that it seemed to me ominous of some calamity. With a tremulous hand, I raised the latch of the door, and entered the little parlor where I had passed so many happy hours—it was lone and deserted, but the same familiar objects met my eyes as formerly—nay, the family bible lay open on the little table, and the chair stood at its side, as when I last saw them. A feeling of alarm came over my mind—I staggered to the chair and sunk into it. The door opened at the noise, and I saw—not Lucy—but a stranger enter the room. I enquired for the mother of Lucy—for as yet I could not pronounce her name. In a few minutes the mother entered, leaning on the arm of an attendant. Her countenance was pale and care-worn—her footsteps faultering—and she looked towards me with an anxious, enquiring glance, which plainly indicated that she did not recognize me.

"Do you not know me," I exclaimed, "'tis I—your son—where—where is Lucy!"

"My son! my son!" she cried, in an agonizing tone, and fell into my arms. "Oh, I knew you would return," she continued in wild accents—"I knew that you would come—and I prayed and prayed that it might be so before this affliction—her last words were your name, and she said that she did but go before you, and that she should meet you in Heaven! Oh, she died as an angel would die." I heard no more—my senses, which at first were only stunned by the blow, were now completely prostrated. It was many months before I recovered from the effects of this the severest of all my misfortunes. I then for the first time learnt that Lucy had taken a slight cold not long before my return, but from a second exposure it was increased, and soon brought on a slow fever—that during this fever she had often enquired if there were any letters from me—that the repeated disappointments to these enquiries appeared to wear upon her mind, and that finally she became quite delirious, and in this condition breathed her last, expressing a confidence, seeming like reality, that she should meet me in heaven.

These are the outlines of a few brief but eventful years of my history. My health was so impaired after this last affliction, that, meeting with a favorable opportunity to travel abroad as a companion for a young friend, I availed myself of it—and now, after the lapse of ten years, have I recently returned. I am now quietly settled down at the homestead, and although not a melancholy man, yet I am somewhat of a meditative and sober cast of mind, and much given to reflections on the works of nature, and fond of the simplicity of a country life. From the scenes and manners before me, I have drawn a few sketches, and will endeavor to fill them up and lay them before your readers; but for the present I am afraid I shall be thought of too sombre a mood to describe any thing lively, and I will therefore conclude.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS;

OR A DAY IN MY CHILDHOOD.

I was a wild and thoughtless boy, just entering my teens, when my parents sent me from home to prepare for College at a boarding-school in the country. It was a retired village in which my residence was fixed, far removed from the city; and it was not often that I had communications from my friends. A country life, however, pleased my childish fancy; and I was happy in changing the bustling din of the Metropolis for the retirement and seclusion of rural life. The open fields and meadow lands furnished the most extensive play-grounds; the thick wood that skirted the village gave every opportunity for the pleasant labour of nut-gathering; while the rides and the rambles of our frequent holidays impressed me with the sentiment that a residence in the country would be the only happy one for me.

It was many weeks, if not months, before the enjoyment of my new manner of life began to wear away. Something was ever at hand to give entertainment or interest to the occurrences of each passing day. For beside the regular trainings and town-meetings, we had ploughing-matches and raisings, and excursions for fishing and hunting: and then the appropriate pleasures of the winter season, occurring in the yearly round—the sleighing-parties, the singing-school, and the evening circles for nut-cracking—all these, with the little events of family interest, conspired to make my days pass in an almost careless course of pleasurable excitement.

Several months had rolled by and brought me to the heats of midsummer, when on a bright and sunny afternoon, while disengaged from school, a Funeral took place among the villagers. This was an event of uncommon occurrence within our limits: and, chiefly from motives of curiosity, I joined the numerous company collected for the burial service. There was something indescribably interesting to me in the whole ceremony. Heretofore, I had been accustomed only to the business-like interments of the city; where all is performed by hireling undertakers: where the sad procession moves rapidly through the streets; and the busy thousands hurry unconcernedly by the train of mourners. But here, in our retired village, business was suspended; the stillness of the Sabbath every where prevailed; and all joined, by an attendance at the funeral, in paying their last respects to the memory of the deceased. The coffin, which was of a sable hue, was placed in the centre of the parlour, on a table with fallen leaves, and covered with a snow white cloth closely pinned about it; and the looking-glasses, the pictures, and the clock, with every ornament, were carefully covered from view with the cleanest damask napkins. The singing of a funeral hymn, an exhortation, and a prayer by the minister, were the exercises at the house, when the procession was formed by both sexes, and passed slowly, with the toll of the church bell, to the grave-yard, situated in the outskirts of the village. Here, after gathering around the open grave, the minister returned thanks, in the name of the bereaved family, to the friends who had kindly given their attendance and sympathy on the melancholy occasion, and added a few words of pious exhortation. "Reverently the pall was then taken off," and in sad silence—broken only by the half stifled sobs of the mourners—the last mansion of mortality was lowered to its resting place. The grave was immediately filled up, and the whole company at once separated to their respective homes.

I had been an exceedingly interested spectator of

the scene. It was entirely a novel one; and this, with its simple, yet dignified and solemn style, had raised my feelings to a high pitch of excitement. I had inadvertently remained in the grave-yard, until all, even the sexton, who had completed his labour, had gone from the ground, and left me alone amid the sepulchral silence. With feelings of unusual seriousness I employed some time in rambling over the yard, here and there stopping to read the inscriptions on the monuments; when, perhaps, from a returning thoughtlessness of my disposition, I took up a small fragment of a broken tomb-stone that lay in my path, and with a careless air raised my arm to throw it against a monument that was near. But at the instant my eye caught the inscription:—

"At a respectful distance keep,
Nor dare disturb the peaceful sleep
Of Reverend DAVENPORT!"

I was awe-struck beyond measure; my arm fell nerveless at my side. I stepped involuntarily back, and with a solemn trembling read the stern lines again. The feeling rushed upon me that I had lightly profaned a consecrated spot; had trampled irreverently upon holy ground. Gazing about me, I now perceived, what had before been unobserved, that the air had become much darkened with an impending storm. Hastily I turned to run from the grave-yard. Before I could escape from its enclosure, however, a livid flash that seemed to cross my footway, followed by a peal of loudest thunder, struck me with dismay. The wind rose suddenly to the violence almost of a whirlwind, and the torrents of rain that accompanied it were dashed against me with fury.

Though I hasted with all possible speed towards home, I found it impracticable to reach it, through a storm that increased every moment in violence; so I sought for shelter in the vestibule of the Church, which stood open as I passed. Here again the thought rushed on my mind that I had profanely trampled over consecrated ground, and treated contemptuously the sepulchre of a man of God. It seemed, too, as if a voice from the grave had warned me of the sacrilege, and the vengeance of Heaven had threatened me with destruction.

While pondering in my mind such thoughts as these, and sheltered from the tempest that yet raged around, I saw a messenger hastening to me from the Post-office. He bore with him a letter addressed to myself, with a written request for its immediate delivery. The seal was black, and with trembling solicitude I broke it. The lines were penned by my Mother's hand, and the first of them announced that my sister was a corpse! The Angel of Death had abruptly entered our family circle, and snatched from it a member, lovely and beloved.

The events of the afternoon, though not perhaps of a very peculiar nature, were, notwithstanding, such as to make an impression on my mind that no time as yet has been able to obliterate; nor will it, I am persuaded, till I myself go to my last "peaceful sleep."

CLARENCE.

HOPE.

When o'er the surge the bark is borne,
With colors fondly streaming back,
Clear through the mist, some star forlorn
Sheds her whole soul, in one bright track;
And in its light the playful wave
Breaks in a sparkling crystal rain,
The fragile keel the gem-drops lave—
A jewel'd zone, across the main!

So through life's world of sea and sky,
The cheerless hues of night assume,
And young Ambition tremblingly
Maintains his pathway thro' the gloom;
Hope, smiling like that radiant star,
Lights up a vista o'er the deep,
Her scattered diamonds gleam afar,
And round his prow in clusters leap. J.

DREAMS AND REVERIES OF A QUIET MAN.—This is the title of a neat, unpretending collection of prose pieces, which originally and at different times have appeared in the New York Mirror, under the signature of The Little Genius, Sedley, &c. They are the production, it is understood, of one of the co-editors of that periodical, and comprise specimens of the grave and the gay—the light and the serious—the humorous and pathetic class of writings. The author possesses that chastened tone of feeling, which, like light mellowed by passing through colored glass, sheds a pleasing charm on whatever object it touches. He is never dazzling or striving for effect—but his thoughts breathe and his words burn with that steady and pleasing glow which constantly enlivens the imagination and gratifies the taste. Indeed these works must be read with delight by all persons of a cultivated and correct taste, and we commend them as happy models to such as are desirous of improving that faculty.

AMUSEMENTS.—Preparations for the appearance of the Italian performers at the Richmond Hill Theatre are progressing rapidly. Charles Kemble and his daughter are shortly to appear at the Park, where Wallack and Hackett are now performing their best characters. Mr. H. Wallack, and several other popular actors, are, *for the season*, drawing fair houses at the American Theatre, Bowery. Niblo's and Castle Garden are now open, and appear to great advantage in this fine weather: they promise an elegant display of Fireworks at an early day.

LOVER'S VOWS.—"I swear by the constancy of my bosom!" exclaimed a despairing lover to his mistress, "that my passion is unfeigned and sincere." "Swear not by the bosom," returned the lady, "for that is *false*." It was made of linen.

A queer Hibernian was once asked by his master, "What noise is that I hear?" "My lord," he replied, "It is only the singing in my ears. I have heard it these six months."

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arriving in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

The candid New-Yorker, in a Country Village.

'Tis not from Cholera fear I've fled,
And left my cat, my dog and bed;
But 'tis the *dread* of something worse,
An hundred debts, and empty purse.

"THE LAND OF STEADY HABITS."—The Boston Atlas mentions that upwards of *sixty* persons were, during the last week sentenced to the House of Correction by the Police Court of that city. Among them *twenty-two* were sentenced for being *common drunkards!* The Atlas very significantly adds,—"many of the wretched beings were from *New York*."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Spare not nor spend too much, be this thy care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare;
Who spends too much, may want, and so complain:
But he spends best, who spares to spend again.

Certainly if a man will keep of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.—*Bacon.*

GOOD ADVICE.—In one of the courts in New York, a blacksmith who had a gift of stammering to perfection, was called into court as a witness between two journeymen of his, in a law suit; the amount in question being about 75 cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five times the disputed sum. In reply, the witness observed: "I t-t-t-told the fo-o-ools to settle. I s-s-said the con-con-stable would take their co-o-ats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and by j-ing if they got into your Hon-Honor's court, you'd sk-sk-sk-skin em.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. BENTHAM.

The importance of the death of Mr. Bentham will be more accurately appreciated by posterity than at present; and by foreign countries—a medium between posterity and ourselves—than at home, in the native land of the philosopher. The great length of his life gave him, however, to see the principles he had discovered, laid down, and advocated, brought into extensive, though, to a great measure, unseen operation. It would not be difficult to show that the vast change in the character of reforming opinions, in the greater practicability of the objects of reformers, and the more rational view now taken of Constitutional questions, flowed directly from his writings, and immediately influenced many, who, if they had been asked the source of their tenets, would have denied their master. For upwards of half a century, Jeremy Bentham laboured upon the great principles of morals and jurisprudence, and reduced whole branches of essential knowledge, previously involved in every description of confusion and delusion, into the form and order of science. A knowledge of his writings is a key which unlocks all the mysteries of social and political government. There is no man, we will venture to say, who, after having studied some of his most essential writings, would not turn round to contemplate his former state of darkness without a mixture of shame and triumph.

Personally, Mr. Bentham was like so many other great men, all simplicity and playfulness. He had that thorough amiability, which arises from the warmest benevolence. He was without guile—the very antipodes of a worldly man: he who could unfold all the secrets of jurisprudence and legislation, and lay down regulations for the accurate conduct of whole nations, and resolve society and human nature into its last elements, was as simple as a child, and lived in the centre of a vast capital, as far removed from actual contact with the world, as if he had seated himself on the Andes. All his life he had thus lived in the world, but not of it. The law, for he began life as a lawyer, by its intricacies, delays, and injustice, soon disgusted one whose vital principle seems to have been benevolence, joined with an intense love of justice; and as soon as a very moderate income was assured to him, he retired to amend the proceedings he had learned only to lament over. It is not meant that he shut himself up, and lived like a hermit; on the contrary, he loved society, and admitted many to his table—but only such as he himself selected, and never in number more than one or two at a time. In this manner, singly, at his hospitable board have sate a succession of the great men of Europe, for thirty years. There is scarcely an individual of intellectual celebrity, who has in that period visited England, that has not made it an object to be admitted, for one evening, to his table and his presence. He husbanded his time with the most avaricious care: and it was only during the period devoted to refection and relaxation that he saw any body; this was during and after his dinner hour, which was fixed as late as seven or eight o'clock in the evening. At table, his playfulness, humour, and benevolent desire to please, shone out in the most conspicuous manner. He was gay, sprightly, and talkative; and though in his external appearance, with his white hair hanging long round his large patriarchal face, he looked more the philosopher than the courtier, there was that easy and graceful attention to the wants and wishes of his guests, which is usually considered characteristic of the *vieille cour*. In a man whose long mornings were spent in studies of so deep and engrossing a species, a forgetfulness of the whims or caprices of others might easily have been forgiven.

Mr. Bentham was never married: he was thus enabled to devote a whole life to philosophy: love does not appear to have troubled his breast even in early life. We conclude that the animal passions were feeble in him: his strongest emotions were those of general benevolence—a wide love of mankind—this was his only passion:—he worked day and night, toiled and strove for his species, as another might do for his mistress or his children. The progress of human happiness was the only news he cared to hear; and great was his joy during his latter years. Every day almost brought him intelligence of some new conquest over arbitrary and despotic power, sweeter far, to his ear, than the shouts of victory to a conquering general; so that his latter days were those of joy and exultation. Death he never feared; and used to talk of the period of his dissolution, solely with reference to its being the time when he must necessarily give up work, as the end of his labours: and as he was well aware the period could not be very distant, he laboured hard and fast, as one who in the harvest field sees the night closing in upon him, and much corn still standing.

The first writings Mr. Bentham committed to the press were letters in a newspaper on the affairs of Europe, somewhere about the close of the American war, which had the singular distinction of being answered by George III. The King published his letter in a Hague journal—it was replied to by Mr. Bentham, and most unmercifully dissected: probably in that manner in which we know he afterwards so much excelled, the application of the rack of analysis. The King learned who the writer was, and never forgot him. Mr. Bentham's bill for the establishment of a Panopticon prison for the reform of criminals had passed the two Houses of Parliament, and the King had the pen in his hand to sign it, when he asked Lord Shelburne who it was that was undertaking this scheme. The answer was, Mr. Bentham, of Lincoln's Inn. "Bentham!" said the King, and put down the pen. The bill never received the royal assent; the scheme was obliged to be given up, and Mr. Bentham was saddled with a large pecuniary loss, a thing he cared little for in comparison to the defeat of his benevolent project. This story Mr. Bentham had from the lips of Lord Shelburne himself. This controversy was, perhaps, the only instance of Mr. Bentham's interference in mere temporary politics; the din and turmoil of party little suited his temperament. The actual conduct of affairs demands physical and moral qualities which Mr. Bentham never possessed; his was a different calling: a plain, gentle, and somewhat timid disposition, were joined to a grand intellectual machine, which only required time and quiet to produce results on which the fates of whole nations yet unborn will be made to turn. As well as Newton, Bentham would probably have cut but a poor figure amidst the noisy brawls of a court-of-law, or the still more exciting struggles and crises of a camp. This grand intellectual machine is at length stopped, and its amiable master is no more! He died, it seems, as he would have gone to sleep—this was sure to be the case with the calmest, pleasantest, and most innocent body that ever partook of mortal frailties. His long life (he must have been nearly eighty-five) passed in perfect, though far from robust health; he was never in all his score of years, guilty of an excess; his frame had never been stained, for a moment, with intemperance; the old man left his body as pure as that of a child. Malignity, the intemperance of the soul, was alike unknown to him; he sometimes felt and expressed indignation, but it was when the people about him, (and such a character was, of course, liable to be easily managed,) spurred him on by some tale of treachery or injustice, which was sure to excite a transient and tempered wrath. Such a man was necessarily credulous, and depended for all he heard of passing events upon the few channels through which alone he permitted them to pass. What a life this must have been, when the only thing that could possibly be laid to his charge, is a small portion of credulity and timidity, which laid him open somewhat to the practices of interested persons!

It is no part of the object or the duty of a Commentator to lay before the world this great man's claims to the gratitude of mankind—the generations that are, and are to come. The moment we were informed of his death we put down these recollections, partly as an indulgence to ourselves, and partly as they may be likely to satisfy the natural desire of the world to know something of the intimate habits and manners of great men as they disappear from the face of the globe."—*New Mon. Mag.*

JUBILEE CHANT.

A POLITICAL PARODY.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure the Bill,
In spite o' a' yon spiteful' crew,
Has 'scapit scathless still?
And ha'e we cow'd for evermair
The knavish Lordies a'?
And gart a King's braid seal for ance,
Mak' justice jump wi' law?

For nae luck was i' the *House*,
An' nae guid ava'
Sae lang's the boro'mongerin' rogues
Could rule its councils a'.

It's lang an' dour has been the fecht,
An' aft times foul the play;
But right is might at length, and sae
We've fairly won the day.
We've won it too, but pike or gun,
Saut tears or gory graves—
We only vow'd we *wud* be free,
An' were nae langer slaves!
O, nae luck, &c. &c.

Then leal men a' heeze up your hearts,
Let's haud a day o' fun!
The Tories' jubilee is o'er,
An' our's is now begun!
An' dame an' damsel, ilka ane,
Light up a sunny look,
For sweetheart bauld, or lovin' lord,
Wha slavery wad na brook,
When nae luck, &c. &c.

Hurrah! for a' the gallant band
Wha battled on our side!
Aye be their names, like household words,
To beet a Briton's pride!
Grey, Russell, Brougham! three times three!
Hip! hip! they're glorious chiels!
But fill again; let's not forget
To pledge "Our noble selfs!"

For nae luck was i' the *House*,
An' nae guid ava'
Ere a' the land raise up at ance,
An' flegg'd the rogues awa'.

New North Briton.

CIVIL? ENGINEERING.—The Boston Transcript tells the following story.

The Lowell Journal gives the particulars of an amusing scene which occurred there on Monday, very similar to many witnessed here. An Engine Company was throwing water, when a wagoner with his team *ordered* the Company to clear the road, and permit him to go to the right, when he had plenty of room to go to the left; but the Company kept their ground, whereupon Mr. Wagoner attempted to *ride* over Company, Engine and all. But the Engine was turned upon him and he was deluged with such a torrent of water as mortal man has hardly known since the great flood. Still he urged his horses *on*, but his horses urged themselves *back*. At length the Engine was removed to the satisfaction of every one but the wagoner, who thought it a hard business that he was not permitted to *ride over it*, because the law allowed him the right side of the road!

Chamois Hunters.—The Tryolese are perhaps the most persevering hunters in the world, and seem to despise all danger in their favorite pursuit. They are such admirable marksmen that their services to Austria as sharp shooters, in her wars with Napoleon, were rewarded with the temporary liberty of hunting with impunity. The value of this liberty can only be estimated by those who know the passion of the Tryolese for the chase, a passion more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishment can deter them from the pursuit of it. Gain is not the object, as the chamois, flesh and skin, does not sell for above three dollars; and yet a man who had been many times caught in the fact declared that if he knew the next tree would be his gallows he would nevertheless hunt.

M. de Saussure records an interesting anecdote of a chamois hunter whom he knew; a tall well made man, who had just married a beautiful woman:—"My grandfather (said he) lost his life in the chase, and so did my father; and I am so well assured that one day or other I shall lose mine, that this bag, which I always carry with me in the hunt, I call my winding sheet, for I shall certainly never have any other; nevertheless, sir, if you were to offer me a fortune immediately, on condition that I must relinquish the chase, I would not accept it." De Saussure says that he took several excursions among the Alps with this man; his strength and agility were astonishing, but his courage, or rather his temerity, still greater than either. About two years afterwards his foot slipped on the edge of a precipice, and he met the fate which he had so calmly contemplated.—*Sportsman's Cyclopedia.*

The Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, Catholic *Primate of all Ireland*, died on Thursday, at his house in Drogheda. His Grace is another victim to cholera, but he died full of years, at the age of 92. A better a more virtuous, and few abler men, he has not left behind him.—*Dublin Times.*

SPANISH MAIDENS.

By Lord Byron.

These verses are now published as in the poet's original draft.

"Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seem to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz!

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
However it beats, it beats sincerely;
And though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper;—

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz."

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS,

OR THE PEEPING LODGER.

The story is a relation of his own occupations and discoveries. He commences the tale by informing us that he had wholly exhausted all his sources of entertainment on a rainy day, and then for variety resorted to the worthy relaxation of spying out his neighbours. He had just discovered that the best of the dwellings near him on the other side of the street had had the bill taken down, as a new tenant was coming in. His curiosity was therefore likely to be gratified with new objects. The story has a good moral—but the reader must not be detained from it.

"The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visiters but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to inquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the sirloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favorite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day: on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy) and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the park, and just as I tapped at my own door, I determined I would make no further inquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my inquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me (I have a moral antipathy to blinds to my windows but my own) boxes, of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Masen's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney coaches with servants and coloured paper-boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I inquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park-lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and a dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large, coarse, straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons,—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house-lamb and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long, light, auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall-door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty five or twenty-six years old; pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters,—the most striking, the more animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers, until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified-looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visiters; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them; went regularly to the Opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out*, and was still pursuing her education. A green britchka and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise; a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at 8 o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent any thing; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate, though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshhold. I have endeavored to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out, it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil—for she drew—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries,—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud; she had a beautiful child; she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping,—weeping bitterly. Her bed-room was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding-doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the tooth-ache,—not being given as I before said to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared,—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that,—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea; but circumstances lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world, but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the House. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing-place, evidently on the look out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tete-a-tete* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressment* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it; but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tete-a-tete* walk in the Park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook-street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she so often leave the drawing-room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room up stairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen

At length closed bed-room shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchment of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclaim, 'My lady is safe, and a fine boy.' So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in apparent delight of her heart, she shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bed-side of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered and resumed her station in the drawing-room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centered in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket-telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her. Things have thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear,—an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Martin and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to *The Times* and *The True Sun*, under the signature of 'A Friend to Morality.' That very night I con-

densed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to despatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but at the door of the Seymours, the travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks or wagons What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage.—Oh: I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out. I need not write to *The Times*. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to 'dull aunts and croaking rooks' in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen smiling as usual; and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park-lane. I was at my wits end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had I not seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau*? and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the poin of sallying forth in my cap and dressing-gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crosby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. 'I intended to call on my friends the St. Legers, over the way, this morning,' said he, 'but I find they are gone to Portsmouth.'

'To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious,' said I, interrupting him. 'Do you know the family,' asked I, with something like agitation.

'I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser.'

'He did?'

'Why are you surprised?' asked he gravely.

'Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honor compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain.' The General was now surprised in his turn

'Good heavens!' he ejaculated, 'nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope.'

'I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray,' I replied with great seriousness. 'It is of the Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak.' And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, 'Sir, the lady whom you have thus honored by so great a share of your attention, is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his *wife* and my goddaughter.—I wish you, sir, a good morning.'

'Wife! God-daughter!' I repeated in a faint voice. But, General, for Heaven's sake, one instant, the elder lady?' 'Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting! His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him.' He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—'One word more, the Viscount?' 'Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning.'

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Any where rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wit's end.

I hung my head completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do; but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

'Bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There *is* some excuse for me after all. Bless my soul!'

P. S.—The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, 'Othello's occupation's gone,' can't stand it—off to the continent."

Count *Chaptal*, the celebrated chemist, died on the 29th of July, in his 77th year.

From the Atlas.

PESTILENCES.

We subjoin the communication of our correspondent. It would have had place at an earlier day, but was accidentally mislaid. We have not verified the statements by any examination of our own, but have no reason to doubt their accuracy.

Ever since the discovery of America, the people on its continent have gone on, comparatively free, from the bloody and cruel wars, the plagues and famines, that have in every age afflicted the old world. We have read the accounts of these calamities of our fellow men with as little sympathy as we read any other statistical matter. The plague has now for the first time assailed us. When the readers of the Atlas shall have looked on the following historical memoranda, let them say, whether we have not more reason to be thankful for the immunity we have enjoyed, than to complain of the visitation.

To say nothing of the ten plagues of Egypt, we will begin with

B. C. 78	plague in Rome—10,000 died in one day.
67	there was a great plague all over the world.
A. D. 762	a great plague in England.
772	again—34,000 died.
778	again.
951	plague in Scotland—destroyed 40,000.
1025	plague in England.
1094	again—a great mortality.
1111	again—great mortality, among men, cattle and fowls.
1247	again.
1347	again.
1348	plague in Germany—90,000 died.
1367	plague raged in London and Paris.
1379	plague in London.
1407	again in London—killed 30,000.
1477	again—killed 60,000.
1499	again—killed 30,000.
1500	again—killed 50,000.
1548	again.
1594	again.
1601	again—one fourth of the inhabitants died.
1611	plague in Constantinople—200,000 died.
1631	plague in London—35,000 died.
1632	plague in Lyons, France—killed 60,000.
1665	plague in London—killed 68,000.
1691	plague in England—11,000 died in the city of York in the month of August.
1743	plague at Messina.
1755	plague at Algiers.
1773	plague at Bassorah, in Persia, which destroyed 80,000.
1781	plague at Smyrna—killed 20,000.
1781	plague at Tunis—killed 32,000.
1786	plague in the Levant—dreadful mortality.
1791	plague at Alexandria.
1792	plague in Egypt—destroyed 800,000.
1793	plague in Barbary—3000 died daily.
1799	plague in the kingom of Fez—217,000 died in June.
1800	plague in Morocco—2000 died in a day.
1804 & 5	plague in Spain—great numbers died.

GERMAN OR CAMPHOR TREATMENT OF CHOLERA ASPHYXIA.

The following comprehensive directions, intended to meet, in some degree, the exigencies of those who desire information relative to the use of Camphor in the treatment of Cholera, are essentially a summary of the practice of several physicians of New York, and now sanctioned by their experience in more than six hundred cases, many of them of the most malignant character. If they shall prove instrumental in lessening the destruction attending the pestilence now ravaging our country, the writer's design will have been answered.

It is necessary to premise, that in specifying measures *generally efficacious* in cases as they have arisen, it is hardly possible in a single sheet, even to touch upon the principles upon which the practice is founded; and still less to enumerate the various circumstances of age, sex, constitution, &c. of the patient, and the diversified phenomena of the disease, that, as in other diseases, require correspondent modifications of the treatment—modifications which, it is manifest, must be left to the professional *tact* of the intelligent physician.

Another remark too important to be overlooked is, that there have already been observed no less than six different forms of epidemic cholera, each having its characteristic features, and each its appropriate treatment. Several of these may prevail, according to laws not ascertained, during the same season, in different countries or districts, as noted in Europe in its late desolating progress.

It must therefore be explicitly understood that the practice here set forth is designed only for an epidemic exhibiting the same distinctive features as have marked the footsteps of cholera in this city; and that, in such an epidemic, cases may be expected in which the *literal adherence* to directions *necessarily general*, may prove pernicious and even fatal. Moreover, it must be constantly bore in mind, that, throughout the several stages of this disease, from the first premonitory symptoms to confirmed convalescence, it is essential to the success of the camphor treatment, that the *patient be free from the counter influence of other medicinal agents*;* and that, of all others, none is so utterly opposed to its efficacy, none so fatal to every hope of a favorable issue, as *Opium in every form* in which it is administered.

To avoid repetition, it is thought expedient to present the treatment of the several stages of cholera in a reversed order, commencing with that in which its appalling symptoms are most strikingly developed.

The Stage of Asphyxia.

In this stage, if the collapse shall have long existed, or if the march of the disease shall have been unusually rapid, the evacuations so excessive that the patient appears nearly exsanguinated, the pulsations of the carotids and of the heart remarkably feeble and the respiration very laborious,—but little hope can be indulged under any treatment. Such patients, however, have in some instances, been resuscitated by the judicious exhibition of camphor—the doses being diminished to about one fourth part, and repeated every three, four or five minutes, and the other measures hereafter detailed faithfully enforced. But the majority of collapsed patients, when first seen by the physician, happily have not yet sunk to the above discouraging condition; and though the pulse at the wrists shall have ceased, the extremities and face shall be blue and shrivelled, and with the tongue and breath evince no vital heat, if there be ordinary constitutional stamina, it is in such cases that the camphor treatment exhibits most convincingly its *specific* powers; for in such cases, if experience be the test, it is entitled to a confidence that can be claimed by no other yet promulgated.

1st. The patient should be immediately undressed and well covered in bed, and woollen stockings placed upon his hands and feet. 2d. Three drops of the spirits of camphor† in a table-spoonful of water, or (what is equivalent and of more convenient administration) a table-spoonful of camphor mixture‡ should be forthwith administered and repeated every fifteen minutes. 3d. An injection warm as can be borne, of the camphor mixture somewhat less than half a pint, every half hour, or oftener if not retained. 4th. The abdomen and chest should be covered with flannel wet with camphor spirits—the limbs above the stockings rubbed with it, and the bed clothes about the patient's head so sprinkled with it that camphor may be inhaled with every breath. 5th. The extreme thirst should be allayed with a table-spoonful of cold water, or pure brandy and water *very weak*, as the patient may prefer, every five or ten minutes.

These measures should be unremitting until pulse and warmth be restored to the extremities, when the injections (and the frictions, if no cramps be present) may be discontinued. The *full dose* of camphor must be maintained until free perspiration becomes general, and the evacuations comparatively infrequent; then they are to be promptly reduced to *one drop* of the spirits or a *teaspoonful* of the mixture. So soon as the evacuations are small and rare and begin to evince a bilious tinge, (as is often the case at an early period,) the *intervals* should be extended to 20, 30 or 60 minutes, according to the degree of heat and perspiration, and thus continued until the watery discharges shall have wholly ceased. After this occurrence, most patients require the repetition of the one drop every two or three hours; but in some, this small dose, once in four, six, and even twelve hours, proves abundant for the continuance of active perspiration, while *the hazard of over excitement and depressing narcosis*, is thus with ease avoided.

The sweating process in this manner, fully though cautiously sustained, is to be pursued in collapsed cases at least thirty-six hours, every exposure which may arrest its salutary influence being carefully avoided In the course of it, the insatiable thirst gradually ceases, and the patient after a little light nourishment two or three times, generally will relish, and in moderation will take with great advantage, every three or six hours, beef-steak, mutton-chop, or boiled chicken, with good stale wheat bread; and for drink, brandy and water, and pure Port or Sherry wine. These articles should constitute the principal diet of the convalescent, whose *decidedly expressed wants*, as the utterings of nature not to be disregarded, should be indulged, yet with great temperance. Experience has amply shown, that by management so simple, convalescents, after severe attacks of cholera, may with very few exceptions, be safely conducted through its consecutive dangers to confirmed health; always, however, (peculiarly predisposed, as they must be in their debilitated state, to renewed attacks,) requiring the reiterated admonitions of their physician to unceasing vigilance.

The Cramp or Spasmodic Stage.

This stage ordinarily precedes that of collapse, in many instances runs into it, and like it, is often accompanied by profuse evacuations, fits of vomiting, cold extremities, &c. If the sufferings be very severe and collapse threatened, it calls for treatment as active as that just detailed, the frictions being vigorously applied to the seat of the cramps. If vomiting be a predominant symptom, the precordia should be rubbed with the camphor spirits and only *one drop* in a teaspoonful of water administered every three or five minutes; if repeatedly rejected let a like quantity be diffused thro' three, six, or even ten times the water, and given by the teaspoonful till a larger dose shall be retained. By this mode of exhibition, camphor never fails to overcome the most violent vomiting occurring under this epidemic, after which no difficulty exists in pursuing the course directed in the stage of Asphyxia. In case the attack be of a milder nature, warm perspiration will speedily appear and the symptoms vanish under treatment less active.

The Premonitory Stage.

It is generally indicated by one or more of the following symptoms—lassitude, ringing in the ears, chilliness, uneasiness or soreness in the region of the stomach, nausea, occasional vomitings, costiveness, diarrhœa, pain in the bowels, slight cramps, particularly in the fingers and toes, &c. Unless severe in the outset or too long neglected, the patient will rarely find it necessary to have his ordinary avocations, though in cool or damp weather he may require an extra garment. To obviate costiveness, a mild injection, daily if required, is the safest means to be used when the bowels are so easily irritated into violent diarrhœa as during the prevalence of cholera. If *any laxative be taken*, castor oil, in the dose of a teaspoonful, with three drops of camphor spirits, repeated in an hour or two if it fail to operate, is to be preferred. In reference to the other symptoms of this stage, the same dose of camphor, repeated if requisite in an hour, or if they be urgent, in half an hour, or a quarter even, will almost invariably arrest any and all of them. Should they however obstinately persist, the patient must submit to the inconvenience of a free perspiration in bed for a few hours The importance of *promptly* applying the remedy for the symptoms of this stage and thus nipping the disease in its bud, cannot be too strenuously urged upon every individual exposed to this epidemic.

The practice above designated, can hardly be more at variance with any of the prevailing views of medical men, than with those entertained, but a brief period since, by the writer himself. In this age of generalizing, he had been led to doubt the existence of a *specific* for any disease. Experience, the only unerring guide, has convinced him of an error that has but too many adherents, and to propagate its correction, is but justly due to the interests of sound philosophical medicine

To have imagined that the introduction of Camphor as a specific for a disease so formidable as Cholera, would escape an opposition as violent, if not so formidable, had argued gross ignorance of the history of improvement in every department of human knowledge. He who is aware that in enlightened Europe the virtues of Ipecacuanha and Peruvian Bark remained untested, and the unequalled blessings of the potato unappreciated, until the stamp of *royal* patronage opened the eyes of the blind, can scarcely feel surprise at what he witnesses in the present instance.

But facts are daily accumulating, which, as they become known, must carry conviction to every understanding accessible to truth.—To such—to *such alone*, the writer would appeal for an impartial trial of the practice he would promulgate. And he makes this appeal with the most unwavering confidence, (a confidence resting upon an extensive knowledge of facts in private and in public practice,) that such a trial cannot fail to demonstrate the pre-eminent simplicity, safety, and certainty of the Camphor treatment of Cholera Asphyxia, as well as the acumen of German research which first devised it.

WILLIAM CHANNING, M. D.

New York, Aug. 30, 1832.

As an appendix to this publication, the writer deems it an act of justice to state that while most of the indications above specified, have been the result of experience here, yet the use of Camphor, as a remedy for cholera, with the general principles of its exhibition, originated in Germany, and for its promulgation the American public are principally indebted to his friend Dr. H. B. Gram, of this city.

WASHINGTON IRVING. Seventeen years of foreign travel has not yet cured our distinguished countryman of a penchant to which he pleads guilty in the introduction to the Sketch Book, for peering into every nook and corner of the world. After rambling over the northern and eastern part of the Union, and seeing more of the country in the short time which has elapsed since his return than do the majority of people in the course of their lives, he has now left the track of civilization, and joining a North-western party, gone off among the Lake Superior Indians. What may not be expected from such a tour and such a traveller! Through the beautiful vales of Connecticut, along the rocky ridges of New-Hampshire, over the rich plains of Western New-York, the prairies of Michigan, and now in the forests of "the far West," what renewed vigor and freshness will it give to a pen always delicate and flexile! The European world has long since complimented the deep rooted patriotism of the author of the Life of Columbus, by asserting that, when he took his theme from his country, his literary efforts were always happiest: as if the sketches which illustrated her scenery or manners were "a labour of love" to him. May we not then, now that he has renewed the associations of his youth, and added new and kindling ones to his prime, look forward with delight to many a literary treat yet to come. "The foot of Macgregor once more on his native heath," he will move with a freer and a firmer tread; and his spirits braced by his native air, wanton in many a gamesome humour.

Indian life is by no means altogether new to Mr. Irving! for when a youth of eighteen he once among the tribe at St. Regis, went through the impressive rite of an Indian christening. His literary character which was a safe passport to him through every country of Europe, in times however dangerous, will hardly be a protection in the wild land where he is now roving. Gentle Geoffry! may thy Irroquois' baptism avail thee, if in peril from the tomahawk of the ferocious Winnebago!—*N. Y. Am.*

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* This remark requires the qualification that there are cases of occasional occurrences, in which, according to circumstances, to be recognised only by the skilful physician, *Cuprum*, *Veratrum*, *Rhus* and *Bryonia*, are called for and exhibited with the greatest advantage.

† The Spirits of Camphor referred to, is that of the L. and D. P. or Camphor (2 oz.) two ounces, dissolved in Alcohol a pint.

‡ The Camphor mixture may be extemporaneously prepared by adding to a common black bottleful of warm water, three teaspoonsful of the spirits, to be shaken for a few minutes, then strained through a coarse napkin to remove the undissolved camphor.

Exchanges.—We some months since notified those of our contemporaries who might wish our journal, that it should be forwarded one year on receipt of *two dollars*, postage paid, and the insertion of a short circular once in six months,—and now renew the offer, in consequence of the repeated requests to us for "Exchange," which, on account of the extended list we now have, we cannot reasonably be expected to comply with, unless we can derive some advantage thereby. It is also necessary, for the reasons above stated, to curtail our *present exchange list*—and those who do not receive our next paper will understand the cause. We do this with regret, but, as will be seen, with good reason.

*** The great increase of *unpaid* letters which have lately been addressed to the publishers of this paper have compelled them to decline receiving them from the Post Office. Of this decision we hope none of our friends will complain, as it is of course impossible for us to discriminate.

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MARRIED,

In this city, on the 6th, Joseph Ridgway, Esq. U. S. Consul at St. Croix, to Mrs. Frances Stone, of this city.

On the 5th, Charles Beckel, of the Richmond Hill Theatre, to Miss Phebe Maria Hadley.

On the 4th, Sir Thomas Branthwait Beevor, baronet, late of Hergham, county of Norfolk, England, to Miss Martha Headament, late of Camberwell, county of Surry, England.

On the 6th, the Rev. Luke Davies, M.D. of this city, to Mrs. Margaret Black, of London.

At Hingham, Mass Norton Q. Thaxter, Esq of that place, to Miss Jane E. J. Otis, of Matanzas, Cuba.

At Montreal, on the 3d, Edward Adams Clark, Esq. Advocate, to Georgiana Mary Ann, daughter of the late Col. Forneret, of the 60th regt. Br. Army. On the same day, Capt. Henry W. Harris, 24th regt. to Eliza, daughter of Capt. Charles Walker, 15th regt.

DIED,

In this city, on the 5th, Jacob Bennett, a native of Vt. aged 25.

On the 5th, John Ferguson, Esq. Naval Officer of this Port, and for many years Mayor of the City, aged 55.

At Hudson, General Richard Dodge, late of Johnstown, Montgomery county, aged 70.

At Salina, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Esq. for many years Superintendent of the Salt Springs.

At Baltimore, Rev. Samuel Knox, aged 76, for many years President of the Baltimore College.

At Quebec, E. Miller, aged 48, of the firm of Miller & Burke.

At Cornwall, Barnabas Dickinson, Esq. brother of the late Horace Dickinson, Esq. of Montreal.

At the Mohawk village, near Brantford, John Brant, Esq. Chief of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, and son of the gallant Chieftain who distinguished himself so nobly in the revolutionary and late wars.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Lucretia B. W. Badger, wife of Samuel Badger, Esq and daughter of the late George Hays, Esq. of Bridgport, Conn., aged 29 years.

In the decease of this amiable and lovely woman, a devoted husband, an affectionate family, and an extensive circle of endeared friends and acquaintance, have sustained a loss which nothing earthly can repair, and which has filled their hearts with a deep and lasting sorrow. In the prime of life, and surrounded by every worldly blessing which could render life desirable and happy, and in the exercise of all those offices of kindness, of tenderness, and benevolence, which flow from a gentle heart, a glowing affection, and generous nature, imparting pleasure, and delight to the domestic and the social circle, and in the display of all those qualities which constitute the valued mother, and the faithful wife, she has been removed from this fleeting world, to one, we trust, of more enduring felicity.

"Call'd not away when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold—
But when to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound as charity can bind;
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection, failing, leaves the heart,
Loosed from life's charm and willing to depart—
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength."

Long, long will the fond and now sorrowing and desolate partner of her joys on earth, and her many and affectionate friends, lament her early death; and long will they cherish the dear and loved remembrance of her virtues. *Communicated.*

Died—In this city, on the 1st inst. Hon. *William Hale Maynard*, member of the Senate of New York, from Oneida county. "Having come to this city two or three weeks since, to attend a convention of that body sitting as a Court of Errors, he was attacked with cholera soon after his arrival, to which a consecutive fever succeeded, and on Saturday terminated his life." Mr. Maynard was a native of Massachusetts, and graduated at Williams College in 1810. He studied the profession of law with Gen. Joseph Kirkland, of New Hartford, in this state, and in connexion with his practice, was for a considerable period the editor of a newspaper; and in all the occupations and duties of his life, sustained a high reputation. His funeral was very numerously attended, and the Courts and the Bar adopted the customary resolutions of respect to his memory.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes*, *Dressing Cases*, *Writing Desks*, *Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books*, *Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar.17.

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER offers at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 377 Broadway, the following articles, of his own manufacture, at low prices:

Chloride of Soda,
Nitrite of Silver, in crystals and fused,
Sulphuret of Potash, for baths,
Chloric Ether,
Sulphuric Ether,
Acetic Ether,
Phosphoric Ether,
Sweet Spirits of Nitre,
Spirits of Hartshorn,
} all of the strongest and purest quality.
White Copal Varnish (possessing the clearness of water and the consistency of syrup),

And a vast number of other articles which he keeps on hand for wholesale and retail; such as—The Nurenburgh Salve, genuine Harlem Oil, the Elixir of Life, &c. &c. sept. 12-ci.

ALMOND PASTE AND SOAP.

JUST received, the above superior articles, whose most extensive use in the toilet is too well known to mention them. For sale by
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

Lucifer Matches, new Pocket Lights, and Tapers.

THE best quality of Lucifer Matches, and Pocket Lights of the latest improved and convenient patterns, for parlours and bedrooms, and for travellers, have just been received by
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER*,

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

State of New York,
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 16th, 1832.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be holden on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And, also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.
A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N.B. The Inspectors of Election in the several Wards in your County will give notice of the Election of Four Representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District, and that 42 Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.
J. WESTERVELT.
Sheriff City and County of New York.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg Class No. 32 for 1832, drawn Sept 12.—29 11 30 37 51 32 63 15 64 48.

Sylvester need not enumerate the long list of capital prizes which have been sold by him in the last few months; the hundreds of families and individuals which have become independent and happy from timely application to his offices are the best proofs of his past success, and promise well for the future. The "All-lucky" would therefore call the attention of his patrons and friends throughout the U. States and Canadas to the following brilliant schemes. Tickets can always be obtained by application at his offices, either by letter or otherwise.

Sept. 19—Class 33, a mammoth, $40,000, 10,000, 6,000; lowest prize 12 dollars; a splendid scheme for packages, and the all-lucky Sylvester makes the liberal discount of 19 per cent. when a quantity is taken. $10

Oct. 17—Class 37 another real mammoth, consisting of prizes of $50,000, 25,000, 10,000, 8,000, 5,000, &c. Never before were such splendid prizes to be obtained for $10—'tis almost incredible. Clubs should give this scheme their attention; and they will find the terms of Sylvester most advantageous. $10

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

LAKE ONTARIO.—The splendid steamer *Great Britain*, Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 90 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz: July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the Great Britain are finished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.

Prescott, (U.C.) July 11, 1832. c. i. a.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,
IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF
FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.
Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.
LOOK FOR
T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
50 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

PASSAICK HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

REMOVAL.
PIANO FORTE STORE.
395 *Broadway, near Walkerst.*

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-ci1y.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, No. 102 *William-street, and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLINS and Oil'd LINENS, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
june 13-ei1y.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,
No. 12 Fourth-st.
Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively.* The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i.

CHLORIDE OF SODA at 75 cents per gallon.—The subscriber offers for sale the best quality of Chloride Soda at 75 cents per gallon, and in bottles at 50 cents per bottle. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
june 30. 377 Broadway.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D,

BY *Luke Davies*, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 23-ci.